THE GOOD OLD STOCK

good day's work, and he had done He liked to get to bed by eleven

and he was going to. 'You know, old man," he said to Kim the terrier, "it's going to be a hard evening to beat-this one!"

Kim nodded soberly. He thought so, himself, though he did not, as a ule, care for bed at eleven. But he so, himself, though the down. But he loved Thayer Higginson.

As Thayer sank back, reaching comfortably for his glass, his eye roved appreciatively over the walls of his sitting room. There were the Durer engravings he had put his first prize money into; there was the lovely old family clock from Dedham; there were the mellow-backed books from the old library his father had been so generous with "Take them along, Thay; they'll furnish your room and remind you of your old days, sonny boy''. Yes, it was a nice place, a livable, lovable place; the only way for a man to live who wasn't married.

He opened his book carefully, smiled at the delightful major in the frontispiece, and sipping, began.

He opened his book carefully, smiled at the delightful major in the frontispiece, and sipping, began.

"One fine morning in the full London season, Maj. Arthur Pendennis came over from his lodgings, according to custom, to breakfast at a certain club in Pall Mall, of which he was a chief ornament.

"Three loud and hearty bangs on the door brought Kim bristling to his feet and his master clapped-to the book with a scowl. He strolled through his tiny entrance hall and opened the door very deliberately, thus bringing forth three more hearty bangs from his impatient guest.

"There, there:" he urged, "let it go at that, won't you? I'm here. What do you—oh, it's you!"

"It certainly is," agreed the author of the banging; "it certainly is, Higgy, old pet! I hope you're gladder than you look! Here I am, all the way from Detroit! Merry Christmas and happy birthday and everything! Well, well, well! Evenings at home! The bachelor chez lui! For heaven's sake, is this the best you can do?"

** * * *

"IT was good enough for me-three minutes ago," said Thayer, point-

"You always were the soul of hospitality, and none knows it better than John Todd Jackson," his guest assured him, fervently. "Since you urge me, I will take off this heavy coat and wait while you change your clothes. But don't be too—"
"Now, look here," said Thayer,
grasping 'Pendennis' firmly, "I'm not
going anywhere tonight, and you
might as well know it first as last. might as well know it first as last. Why don't you stay in Detroit? It's your home, isn't it?"

"Nobody stays in Detroit." John answered amiably, "that's what it's for. But I don't see why you don't live there—or anywhere, for that matter—if this is the kind of thing you like to do. You make me tired."

"It is the kind of thing I like to do, and you can go to the devil," said Thayer, obstinately. "I had to go to Harvard with you. John, but that was my misfortune—not my fault. I do not have to go anywhere else with you. Go and find somebody from Kansas City or Buffalo, and join their So this time.

merry sports."
"You're a merry sport, aren't you?"
Mr. Jackson interrupted, coldly, lunging cleverly at the volume in his host's hand and dislodging it. "Pendennis!" My God! Came to New York to read 'Pendennis,' did you?"
"You talk about that to the Kansas We're going to see them," John anred, coaxingly. "Now, Higgy, dear, it stands to reason that's 'It stands to reason that's what you

"It stands to reason that's what you do." countered Thayer, "because you're from Detroit. No, I live here, and I don't have to—I can stay at home."

Mr. Jackson sank heavily into the brown leather chair and swallowed the Scotch-and-soda absently.

"Oh, well," he said. "if that's the way

At that his host rose, cursing, and dashed to his bedroom. Mr. Jackson smiled at the fire and pulled Kim's smiled at the fire and pulled Kim's ears till his master flounced back in a dinner coat, pulled on an ulster, lighted a cigarette and put out the lamps. His longing eyes swept over the cosy room, doubly alluring in the dying firelight, as he followed the triumphant John out of the door. He never slept in those rooms again. It was at 59th street that Thayer began an irritated lecture on the care-

disgusted traffic policemen.
"Some one of these gay evenings you won't get to Detroit, you know."
Thayer scolded, looking warily to left and right with the practiced vertebral twistings of the New Yorker. There's a way to do this, you know, Jack, and a way not to. Look out, there!" He stepped back to give a nearing truck plenty of play, utterly failed to see a sudden taxicab whirling around the corner, felt a quick blow around the corner, felt a quick blow around the corner, felt a quick blow around the corner. truck plenty of play, utterly failed to see a sudden taxicab whirling around the corner, felt a quick blow on his said doubtfully. "Just lie still. Shall I knee, and found himself rising in the atr with his legs thrown out like a "No," he answered brusquely "I jumping Jack. Several seconds later.
apparently, he descended to the street
level with a violent crash, hitting the
back of his head heavily. All traffic

he was unable to adjust, alone in the middle of the street. John, who had skipped nimbly across ahead of him, had skipped out of his life, it appeared. No constant in the sneet long-fingered hand. "It's all right," she is all right, though the sneet long-fingered hand.

skipped nimbly across ahead of nimble had skipped out of his life, it appeared. No one spoke to him.

There's been an accident," he said, aloud, and very clearly. "Anybody hurt?"

"Lie still, sir," and some one he could not see squatted near him. "Right across to the drug store, I guess, doctor? I wouldn't risk lifting him into the machine. Easy, now—just go limp, sir—we'll manage it. Hurt you?"

"Yes, it does. My leg's broken."

*** ***

enough, though she did not smile. hair, was neither Yankee nor south-doing very well, Mr.—Mr. Thayer. Really, very well, Mr.—Mr. Thayer. Really, very well, the doctor said. Mr.—Mr. Thayer. Really, very well, the doctor said. He'll look in again later. Only dont move much."

"Much!" he cried. "I can't move at all, and you know it! Am I paralyzed? I might as well know, you know."

I might across to the drug store, I guess, doctor? I wouldn't risk lifting him into the machine. Easy, now—just go limp, sir—we'll manage it. "Does it ache?" she asked.

"He's alive, at any rate. All ready; one, two, three! All right, we've got you!"

"That's the man that run him down -him and his showfer-pick up his hat-done for, I guess-take his number-no, he talked. I heard him-this y, doctor, this way!"
"I'm in an accident," Thayer said "Darn it all, I am the

accident!"
"Right out on the floor," said somebody. "Oh, yes, he's breathing, all right. Leg's out. We'll put it back before he comes to:
"But I am to! Let me alone!" Thayer called, or thought he called. But there seemed to come no sound from his body; there was a sickening erunch somewhere, a snap, and a sharp pain in his foot. "Fractured, at that!" said the voice You let my head alone, will you?"



"BE ANYTHING?" SHE SAID. "AS LONG AS YOU ARE MINE?

So this time he must have spoken.
"I'm not dead, anyhow," he thought;
but maybe I will—people do——"
(And yet, all the while, he knew he
was not like the rest. Others died, but
he, Thayer Ames Higginson, was not
like that. Death comes to others—not

to us.)

And while he meditated on this and kindred subjects and wondered that his pains, though bad, were not worse, they embarked into an elevator, and suddenembarked into an elevator, and suddenly John appeared, white and shaken,
and then, somehow, he fell asleep.
When he woke he was looking at a
woman in white uniform who leaned
sideways in an armchair beside his bed.
Her head, drooping toward him, was
bound round and round with pale, ashblonde hair; her eyebrows were broad
and dark. She was quite obviously fast
asleep. His less ached violently and the

if they know * * * I'm afraid I * * * ginson," said the surgeon appreciatively, is a doctor coming soon? My spine's dislocated. Get the pillow out, will you? The flatter I lie, the better."

She obeyed him silently. She obeyed him silently.
"If you could massage it, till some body comes, it would take down the congestion," he said, his words running together uncertainly. "I don't believe

my spine oh, well over my toge when my spine oh, well over you know this is hurting a little too much other thank God. I'll be crasy in a moment of try to keep my back flat, will you? Remember. they cut in around the corners and skid awfully—the fools leave their chains off till the last minute * *"

He knew that this was nonsense, and that nurses didn't wear chains, but he could not resist urging her to put them on.

"But never use the brakes, what-ever you do," he warned her, "or if you must, the emergency—never your foot brake." She took his hand.
"I'll remember. Drink this," she said, out of a haze.

she took his hand.

The point round and round with pais, ashis of remember. Drink this," and the remember. Drink this, and the remember of the r ing lately, by any chance? Did you find out what the spine is?"
"I always knew what it was," she

The nurse essayed again to straighten her absurd little cap, but only succeeded in pushing it farther over her ear; she still blinked.

"I—I wouldn't try to move," she said doubtfully. "Just lie still. Shall I get you a drink?"

"No," he answered brusquely "I get you a drink?"

"No," he answered brusquely "I want to know what is the matter with me."

"** * * *

CHE rose and stood by him, smoothing down the sheet with a slim, long-fingered hand.

"It's all right," she said, kindly "lits all right," she said, kindly "enough, though she did not smile."

"They want to know what is the matter with me."

"I always knew what it was," she assured him, gravely.

"Good work. Think you're going to like nursing?"

"Good work. Think you're going to like nursing?"

"I haven't made up my mind," she said seriously, but her gray eyes will be ing down the sheet with a slim, long-fingered hand.

"It's all right," she said, kindly they showed him square white teeth; her smile was human and friendly and American, but the friangle face, with its thick, pale hair, was neither Yankee nor southar?"

They want to know what it was," she assured him, gravely.

"Good work. Think you're going to like nursing?"

"I haven't made up my mind," she said seriously, but her gray eyes crinkled, lighted and then laughed and the laughed and then laughed and the laughed and then laughed and the laughed and the laughed and the sughter spread subtly down her pale face to her lips. Parting white teeth; her smile was human and friendly and American, but the triangle face, with its thick, pale hair, was neither Yankee nor southar?"

They want to know what is the matter with assured him, gravely.

"Good work. Think you're going to solded. "You must always shove.

"You're bullt to she." "You're bullt to she." You're bullt to she." You're bullt to she." You're bullt to she." I haven't made up my mind," she said seriously, but her gray eyes said seriously, but her gray eyes and the laughed and then laughed and then laughed and the laughed and the laughed and t

there's no undertaker involved—though
you did your best to co-operate with one,
I will say. It wasn't your fault that you
failed!"
"Well, we'll pass up the undertaker.
then," asid Thayer, and his palms grew
moist. "But how about my legs? How
many do I keep?"

down, you know. Thompson."
"Rather witty of me to pick out a doctor, wasn't it?"
"Distinctly witty, I should say, Mr.

"You may have a hypodermic, you know. The dector said to call Dr. Bergmann any time. Shall I send

know—you can always have that dope
—"he reminded himself.

Later, when a little blue light began
o pour in, he called the nurse seftly." Wake up, now-they're coming

AT five, he fell asleep suddenly. The dark nurse greeted him. "I see you had a pretty fair night Mr. Higginson," she said.

alled for eleven, isn't it?"

called for eleven, isn't it?"

"I think I'm to get you ready, now," she said. "I'm afraid you can't have any breakfast——"

A white draped ghoul shook hands with him.

"Oh," said the ghoul, "those plates, by the way—did I teil you they were better than we thought? I consider that you have a fifty-fifty chance on that leg, Mr. Higginson."

"Good work," he answered; but he knew, now, that there was no chance for it. It had become clear to him that there must be just so many people—just so many—and he was one of them. Well, why not? Thank God, there was nobody to hurt, now.

"Mother would have been awfully cut up," he mused. "she was so darned proud of the healthy Higginson stock, mother was!

"Straight and clean for eight generations. Thay, dear. Remember, it's good stock, sonbaby. You'll never spoil it, will you?"

"They're so sweet and funny, women, when they try to keep you decent," he thought. "It must be awfully hard for them, sometimes. Gosh, wasn't she furious when Cousin Elwood Ames

Lord, yes, he's got the number! Dr. Lord, yes, he's got the number! Dr. Thompson. Man stopped dead in his own tracks—lost his head, apparently head the right leag. This year was in know. (Mustn't give way or let them know how much he leagt he could do, I should say."

This was Ames Higginson, peaking lighty, losking worried.

This was His him, two (Mistry lost head town own this got way or let hem know. (Mustn't give way or let hem know. (Mustn't give

sheet; a warm, strong hand met and held it firmly.

"It's great, isn't it?" said Miss Washburn. "I'm so glad."

"It's not true, is it?" he demanded, muffed still. "Did they amputate?"

don't know if this means much to you,
Mr. Higginson—"
"Sure it does," said Thayer. "I was
explaining it to this alleged nurse, here."
He passed over to the surgeon a like this, wasn't it?"
"But I thought you were a business

man?" said the surgeon amazed.

The wast is the matter with a das a record of the control of the c

namon and sugar buried mysteriously in the middle.

"You seem to know how to do a great many things," he remarked one afternoon. "I thought woman didn't go in for all these things nowmays."

"What did you think they went in for?" she inquired impersonally.

She was as impersonal as she was was a good woman. I will send Miss

By Josephine Daskam Bacon.

"you people with a special training..."

"I wasn't bern a nurse," she reminded him. "Would you like the other leg shifted a little?"

She had no natural gift for these alce adjustments of weight and pose, but she was infinitely patient at experiment and had learned to make the timy changes of his posture that

"I see you had a pretty fair night.
fr. Higginson," she said.
"So-so, thanks," he answered.
"Pain bad?"
"Pretty hellish, in spots. Game's alled for eleven, isn't it?"
"I think I'm to get you ready, new."
"I was furious—it was all new to me."

"Well, I didn't, did 1? Take your time, anyway. I have to, heaven knows! Only, my dear girl, although there's no reason why you should propose to a woman, just because she hampens to be a nurse (and I've known lots of nurses and never dreamed of proposing to one—honestly!) surely there's no reason why you shouldn't, just because she's one! Be reasonable. It's not your nurse-

"Tour—I think it is your old godfather who is coming at 6" she
aked.
"Uncle John—yes," he answered. "
want him to meet you."
"Before he comes, Mr. Higginson, I am
going to tell you a few things. After
that I am going off duty for a day
or two; you won't mind Miss Wellenberg for a little while. I'm thred. I'd
rather you didn't alrevil be no diftiff come become with me, while you
stay her?

"Yi I wish you—
"Wait' she said.
"Thay looked straight at each other
and both were very pile. an English
"And, yes! I remember her well.
Should say."
"An the was a Surrey
man. My mother was a Danish dancer
of the Royal Opera Company at Copenhagen. I don't remember her at all
because she ran away ynten I was a
baby. She died a few yeats later.
My rather was always very hards
tealing prisoner at home, so that I
ouldn't bear it and ran away myself.
I told him that I was going to, the
less, he would promise to be kind and
fair o me, and then he told me that
I was not his child at all.
"He showed me his marriage certificate and my birth registration. He
had no leas who my father was. He
had no leas who my father was.
"Good Godf"
"Yes. So I ran away. I worked as
a child's nurse and the family was
yery kind to me and helped god.
"The was at lence.
"And so, you see," she added. rising
and moving to the door, "I am not.
They was at lence.
"And so, you see," she added. rising
and moving to the door, "I am not.
They was at lence.
"And so, you see," she added. rising
and moving to the door, "I am not.
They was at lence.
"And so, you see," she added.
"My mether w

effective; if she understeed you thoroughly, she never exected the corresponding toll of intimacy. This, it occurred to him, was precisely the course an able woman should contrive to steer. "Oh, well," he said, smiling thankfully at the ellippery napkin she had disentagled from the counterpane, "you people with a special training." By Ping W Lardner The Game of Literature

By Ring W. Lardner.

o the Editor: The folling letter couraged because their manuscript comes back on them and they think to themself that the story couldn't of been no good or the editor would of eat it up, and they may as well give in BraZil, Ind. explains itself:

"Dear air: I been reading your

the was infinitely patient at experiment and had learned to make the
tiny changes of his posture that
the comfort.

"Where were you bern?" he
quired 'idly. "It was in Massative comfort.

"Where were you bern?" he
chinetts, waami it?"

"Yes, she answared.

"Yes, she answared.

"That's the main thing," he asmake that, try Virginia, I always
and, she added,
"May be a doctor?"

"He was a captain in the Army."

"My people are all dead," she said,
If feel very American at all, are you?"

"My people are all dead," she said,
If feel very American, Mr. Higginson."

"But now that I know, I can see
you're not," he answered, thoughtfully. "Tou're not so hard as our
nurses."

"It's not a seft life—aursing," she
reminded him.

"By joys, it's not!" he agreed. "The
that's remainded him.

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that's remainded him.

"By joys, it's not!" he agreed. "The
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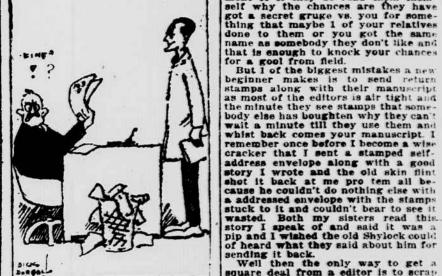
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that's remainded him.

"By joys, it's not!" he agreed. "The



of them. Well, why not? Thank God, there was nobedy to burt, now available the search of the well, why not? Thank God, there was nobedy to burt, now awail the think it's this way. Miss Washburn, the the healthy Higginson steek, so the proposition of the healthy

In the first place the average party has got a magazine editor all wrong witch they usually are. They think he is a man that will give everybody a square deal where as the most of them lets their personal feelings and tempermunt get the best of them. For inst. a new beginner is libel to be dis-

A N hour later the keen-faced old give her another, in its place. There's physician who faced him, blueined hands wrapped about thin
ees, leaned over and patted his

blanket and a bit of paper pinned to

will give it to me.
"If I place it beside your wife to morrow morning nobody but you and me and Miss Fayerwether will ever know it in the world, and if Miss

antee anything further.'
"This child,' he began, and I said speaking very short:
"The child's a magnificent speci

couple of hours and came back and told me to arrange it. And I arranged it. And that's why I said I neve new your mother, Thay."

Thayer wet his lips. "My mother knew-"
"Never. We thought of it from not. She was perfectly happy. What

was the use?"
"Nobody—"
"Nobody in the world. I made your father sign a couple of papers for me, and Miss Fayerwether witnessed 'em. Now that they're both dead, there's once, but when you were twenty-one

"I don't know—I can't seem to think—then I'm nobody; nobody at all Uncle John?"

"You're yourself," said Dr. worth.

shakily.

head to his godson's shoulder and a soft, flushed cheek against his cheek. so that he was no longer lost and miserable, but deeply happy and for-ever companioned. "You understand that I am absolutely-that I have nobody, re-

"You have me." she said.

COTWO days before the event was

Wehlenberg now. You can ring, if you want anything."

Thayer lay alone in the room, staring at the wall.

What shall we do? She'll never get over it. I'll give you a day to make up your mind."

"Do? he said to me. 'Good God.

the blanket said:
"This child's parents are dead Pray for their souls."
"'Not another sign nor word.'
"'If I take that child tonight and

Fayerwether had wanted to put me in state's prison half a dozen times, she could have done it before now."
"Never!" he spluttered at me, and I

"That's fil right, Jack, let's say n "Do you think she'll die? he said and I said.
"Probably not. But I won't guar-

I put 'em in a packet to be destroye at my death."

worth.

"And my father may be—"
"Anybody in God's world. Will you have a drink?"

"Yes," said Thayer, "I will."

"Poor mother!" he said. "noor moth "Poor? Uncle John repeated, sharp-

mother, Thayer Higginson, and she had a fine son!"

Thay's lips bent and the muscles of his ohin refused to obey him.

"And a good son makes a good husband, Thay," said the old gentleman. Thayer turned over into his pillow.

"I'll look in tomorrow," said Uncle John. But tomorrow brought an ash-blend

"But I may be anything!"
"Be anything," she said—"as long as you are mine!"
Which was perhaps more Danish than of Massachusetts!

Two days before the event was (Converted, 1920, by McClure's, Pri expected, I had to tell him. 'The child's dead,' I said, 'and now ington Star.)